

CABLES ROOSEVELT BD TO HOME COMING

Chairman Ganz of Chamber
of Commerce Wires Invi-
tation to Brussels.

MANY NOTABLES TO BE ASKED HERE

Leaders Expect the Celebration
Will Become National In Scope
and Attract Thousands.

Theodore Roosevelt has been invited to be a guest during home-coming week, which will be held in Washington during the latter part of October. In order to have the first invitation extended to the distinguished American, a cablegram was sent to Colonel Roosevelt at Brussels, Belgium, last night, by Isaac Ganz, chairman of the publicity committee of the Chamber of Commerce, which is arranging for the big fall celebration. The cablegram read: Theodore Roosevelt, Brussels, Belgium. Washington Chamber of Commerce gives home-coming week, October. First time history. Cordial invitation. Your presence eagerly desired. Ganz, answer. ISAAC GANZ, chairman committee. The committee's invitation to Colonel Roosevelt is regarded as establishing beyond a peradventure that there is to be a home-coming week, and that it will be a big one. When Mr. Ganz reports to the board of directors of the Chamber Wednesday he will be able to show that a big portion of the preliminary arrangements for the event had been disposed of within the week following the decision of the publicity committee to have a home-coming.

Famous Men May Come. It is believed that the showing will be such a remarkable one that the directors will do everything within their power to provide for the fullest co-operation with the committee.

That the celebration may grow into a national affair is today admitted as being extremely probable. It is pointed out that, in the event of Colonel Roosevelt's acceptance, the committee in all probability, will invite many other famous Americans, who are ex-Washingtonians.

William Jennings Bryan probably will be the second man to be invited. Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, will be asked to leave his Point Loma home long enough to come to Washington and meet his old associates. In fact, it is believed that many of the list of specially invited guests will mount into the hundreds.

There will be a Congressional day, during the home-coming week, which will be dedicated to the present and ex-members of Congress.

Special Days Suggested. Inasmuch as the celebration is to be one largely for former Government employees, the suggestion has been made that special days be devoted to the departments, such as Treasury Day, State, War and Navy Day, etc.

Mr. Ganz today said that he would ask co-operation of the Navy Department in making the celebration a success, and would endeavor to have some of the smaller cruisers of the navy ordered to Washington in October, so that a part of the celebration could take place on the Potomac.

Suggestions are being made by the committee from every side indicating that the home-coming idea is popular, and will receive the endorsement of all the citizens of Washington.

Many of these suggestions will be taken up at the next meeting of the committee, which probably will be held the day following the meeting of the board of directors on Wednesday.

DANVILLE RETURNS TO "WET" COLUMN

Virginia Town Will Grant Liquor
Licenses As Result of
Election.

DANVILLE, Va., April 29.—Danville is "wet" today. For two years it has been dry, but when the tellers got through their count early this morning of the ballots cast yesterday, it was found that the pendulum of public opinion had swung back, and that where a "dry" majority of 45 votes resulted from the voting two years ago, a "wet" majority of 110 was recorded yesterday.

Only 109 of the registered voters failed to go to the polls. The vote was 582 for liquor and 472 against it. The election was orderly and quiet. About 100 men were sent to bring in the voters. The women took no part in the fight, and did not appear at the polls, although they held several prayer meetings. In the various churches while the voting was going on. One result of the election is that Danville is likely to become a center for the mail-order whisky business.

THE ISLE OF LEAD SHIPS

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

The steamer Queen, bound from Porto Rico to New York, has among its passengers Miss Dorothy Fairfax, the daughter of a multi-millionaire, and Frank Howard, who is being taken back to New York by a detective named Jackson, on the charge of having murdered his wife. Announcement has been made in the newspapers of the engagement of Miss Fairfax to Lieutenant Lovings, U. S. N., a friend of Howard, but she despises it. As the ship skirts the Sargasso sea she is struck by a storm and wrecked. The passengers take to the boats, but Howard and Jackson are left behind. One of the boats capsizes and Howard rescues Miss Fairfax and takes her back on board the Queen. For two weeks they drift farther into the Sargasso sea, a strong friendship growing up between them. They find a colony of men and women, ruled over by a brutal man called Captain Forbes. He tries to gain Howard as an ally to his nefarious schemes, and also wants him to aid him to marry Dorothy. Howard refuses and is overpowered and locked up. In his prison he finds a wireless instrument and sends word of their plight to Guantanamo. He escapes in time to save Dorothy from being forced to marry Forbes by drowning her in the sea. He then marries her. Forbes forces Howard to himself marry the girl. After the ceremony she tried to thank him.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

HOWARD shrugged his shoulders. "You make too much of the affair," he said lightly. "The man was strong, but he was past his first youth and moved slowly. After the first two minutes I had no fear of the result. But you ask me why I came forward. What else could any gentleman do—and, in spite of my trial and conviction, I trust I am still a gentleman. I came forward because I had to."

"Then you did not fight for the poor prize I offered?"

Howard smiled. "Assuredly not," he answered. "Why, you yourself saw that I was ready to fight again a moment later to avoid taking it."

"But you took it."

"Yes—I took it."

"And now I ask you to give it up again. I—I—Mr. Howard, I have known of you for two years. You have been painted very black in my eyes. I have known you two weeks, and they have reversed the picture. I should not have looked for generosity in the man I once thought you to be, but I beg it from the man I have found you to be. I am your wife, and I am wholly at your mercy. But—but—"

"I am not your wife, and I am not wholly at your mercy. But—but—"

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"I am not your wife, and I am not wholly at your mercy. But—but—"

Wonderingly he took it to the lamp. He read: "I know where Forbes keeps his rifles. Mrs. Joyce is going to get some of them for us. I'm going back to help. I leave the pistol in case I don't get back. Anyhow, I guess you'd rather be alone tonight."

"JACKSON."

"P. S.—That was a great match—"

Howard laughed bitterly. Then he turned and descended the stairs. "Jackson has gone on an errand to Mrs. Joyce," he said. "He left his pistol for you. After what has happened, he thinks, and I think, that you had better be armed. If any man—if any man molests you do not hesitate to use it. I believe you told me once that you were rather a good shot."

No Faith in Forbes.

It had been no part of Howard's intention to spend the night upon the Queen. He had no faith in Forbes' protestations of fair play, and felt certain that he would hear from that individual very shortly and in unpleasant fashion. While he was scarcely expected any attack that night, chiefly because he doubted whether Forbes could bring the men to the point so speedily, he had intended to take no chances, and to seek sleeping quarters on some nearby vessel. But Dorothy's fear of himself and her very evident nervousness to collapse, taken with Jackson's unexpected departure, had snatched his plans completely on the head.

After Dorothy had retired, he sat up for some time considering the situation. He was terribly sore and wearied from the heart-breaking struggle of the afternoon, which had been nothing like so easy as he had portrayed it to Dorothy. Coming on top of the anxiety of his confinement, in ignorance of what was happening to her home, it had nearly worn him out. The question that presented itself to him was whether he should trust to Forbes' inability to resume the struggle so quickly, and take his much needed rest so as to be ready for the probable assault of the morning, or whether he should remain on watch all night and thereby be less efficient the next day, supposing the contest were put off till then.

Doubts and difficulties lay in each alternative, but he finally decided to take his long ability to awake fully and instantly at the slightest unaccustomed sound. He did not believe that Forbes and his men could steal upon him without waking him; and, in any event, he could not hope, alone and unarmed, to keep them off the ship.

So, after stringing several ropes across the gangway in the deepest shadows of the Queen's deck, he slipped into his stateroom, just across the corridor from Dorothy's, and lay down, fully dressed, with an ax under his weapon, since he had given Dorothy Jackson's pistol—close beside him. In an instant he was fast asleep.

Aroused by Noise.

He was aroused several hours later by a sound whose cause he had no difficulty in interpreting. Somebody had tripped over one of the ropes he had stretched, and had fallen. Instantly he was on his feet, ax in hand, and was cautiously opening his door. Stiffness now reigned, but Howard had no doubt that midnight was stalking close at hand. He did not believe that Forbes and his men could steal upon him without waking him; and, in any event, he could not hope, alone and unarmed, to keep them off the ship.

With infinite precaution he stole from the room, noted that Dorothy's door was still fast and slipped like a shadow along the corridor, at last reaching the half-furled awnings, and by the narrow border of shadow cast by the awnings.

Slowly he crept out into the black border and made his way forward, eager to front the danger, whatever it might be. But all was still save for a very faint, rustling sound impossible to locate—a sound he dry heave through a November night; a sound that made Howard's hair stir upon his head. At

2 o'clock in the morning courage is rare, and never perfect.

Still Howard crept on until he reached a spot where a broken boat davit was twisted across a stanchion. By this he paused and stood listening.

Then, without warning, the attack came. From the cross beam overhead something fell upon him with cruel force—something heavy, crushing, deadly; some live thing that wrapped him round and round.

With a half-strangled shriek of terror he caught himself back against the crossed davit and the stanchion, just in time to involve them in the coiling horror. His right arm instinctively thrown aloft, grasped vainly at the throat of a huge serpent whose darting head cut fantastic ellipses against the Milky Way while its body lightened swiftly about his middle. Had it not been for the iron rods that shielded him, Howard's first cry would have been his last. To the great snake the resistance of a man's body was as nothing. One unhampered contraction of its mighty coils would have crushed an ox. But the davit and the stanchion were planned to withstand the assaults of the sea. They held firm, while Howard, with starting eyeballs and slowly crushing chest, strove to beat back the forked death that flicked about his face. The end could not be long deferred; yet the man fought on, as living things will fight for life—life so common, life so cheap, yet so desperately clung to. He fought and shrieked until the ever-lightening constriction stopped at his throat; till the roaring in his ears swelled to thunder; till the driven blood burst from his ears and nostrils.

Frank Howard Faints.

Then came a flash and a louder roar; the gleaming eyes that confronted him grew suddenly dull; the great coils relaxed and fell away; dimly he saw Dorothy's face; her gown white in the moonlight; the smoking pistol in her hand.

Then girl and snake and moon and sky blended in one common blur of blackness. For the first time in his life Frank Howard fainted.

When he came to, he was lying on the deck, with his head in Dorothy's lap. On his face her tears dropped slowly, one by one. As, dazed, he lay still for an instant, he heard her pray: "Oh, God! God!" she sobbed, "give him back to me! Give my darling back to me!"

A mad throb of exultation crossed through Howard's veins to be followed by a quicker revulsion. "Not yet, oh, God!" he implored, in his turn silently. "Not until—"

He opened his eyes and looked up into hers. The moonlight was white and bright as day, and for one moment each looked deep into the other's heart. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" sobbed the girl. "You're alive! Alive!"

Howard tried to smile. "Thanks to you," he answered. "It was the bravest act I have ever known. I don't see how—"

Dorothy Pleads.

But Dorothy threw up her hand. "Please! Please, don't speak of it!" she implored. "I can't bear it. I can't bear it!"

Howard struggled to his feet. He longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, but honor held him back. Perhaps she loved him—yes, but she was overwrought. He could not take advantage of her emotion—nor of her position. Later, when she was restored to her friends—the light died from his eyes as he remembered his own doom.

"Thank you," he said softly. "It is all that I can say. Thank you."

Dorothy's bosom heaved. "No," she said, "it is not all. You said more while you were unconscious. You were about to say more an instant ago. Then you stopped. Why?"

"I could read your heart in your eyes. Say what you had in it. Say it!"

"Hush! Not that! You are not guilty. You could not be guilty. You so brave, so tender, so sacrificing! You to murder a woman! It is not true. Since the day I first met you I have never believed it. Since you told me the story, I have wanted no other testimony. Now will you say what was in your heart a moment ago?"

"Listen. Tonight I said that we were mere acquaintances. I said I did not love you. I lied! I do love you. With all my heart and soul I love you."

"Dorothy!"

"Frank! My husband!"

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Way of Escape.

DESPITE the nervous and body-racking experiences of the day before, Howard was up and on deck the next morning at the first peep of day, straining his eyes for sight of Jackson and the Joyce.

The need for instant action was strong upon him. He did not doubt that Forbes had sent some upon him, just as he had sent from Mother Joyce's tale to

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